



Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.

ON TRIAL

Novelized by
Charles N. Lurie
From the Great Play
by Elmer
Reizenstein

(Continued.)

"Well, I guess it doesn't make any difference. I wish, though, you had got some one in the neighborhood."

"I told you I tried. The only clergyman who could have married us, is out of town attending a convention."

By this time they had finished their breakfast. He had assured her for perhaps the thousandth time that he would always love her, and had thus stilled her misgivings temporarily, but the thought of the deferred wedding ceremony would rise to the surface of her mind in spite of everything. As they pushed their chairs away from the table, preparatory to rising, she said again:

"I do wish Mr. Smith would come. Don't you think we'd better telephone?"

"Let's be patient a little while longer."

"What will we do if he doesn't come?"

"Well, we must leave here this afternoon."

May's voice sounded as though she were a trifle shocked as she answered:

"But we can't leave here without being married!"

"Why not?"

She was really shocked now. "Why not? Surely, Gerald, you wouldn't want to?"

"I thought we had agreed about that. I don't see what you're worried about. It's only a matter of ceremony, a formality."

"I know, but a girl looks at these things differently."

"Well, if my man doesn't come it would be impossible to be married here anyhow. There's no one else available. Besides, we couldn't get a ring down here."

"Oh, haven't you a ring?"

"Now, forget it. It's all right, though. I told Wallace to bring one down with him."

Perhaps it was the girl's hypersensitiveness at this time that made her notice the discrepancy in the names. She said quickly:

"Wallace? I thought you said his name was Walter?"

In after years May remembered that he stumbled just a trifle in framing his answer. But at that time the effort passed unnoted, so eager was she to believe in him and to believe that everything was all right.

"So it is," he answered. "Wallace is a nickname I gave him because he's so proud of his Scotch ancestry."

"I've got a plain gold ring. I'll get it," said May. And she ran into the inner room.

She had hardly left at one end of the room when Inkeeper Russell, entered at the other door. In his hand was a piece of paper, a telegram, and his manner was excited. To him Trask said:

"Hello, Russell! What have you got there, dispatches from the front?"

May returned, bearing in her hand a small gold ring. "Gerald, look. Will this do?" she asked.

Russell ignored her. He looked at Trask and said, "I'd like an explanation of this telegram."

"Detain May Deane until I arrive. She is with Gerald Trask."

"HENRY DEANE."

Trask turned angrily to her. "What is this? Didn't I tell you?"

"I didn't tell him," said May.

"Well, Mr. Trask," said Russell, "is this young lady your wife, or isn't she?"

"What difference does that make to you?" snarled Trask.

"It makes a great deal of difference to me. You registered as man and wife."

May broke in on them: "We're going to be married this morning, Mr. Russell. We were going to be married last night, but there was no clergyman."

Russell sneered, but not at her. "Quite so. There probably aren't more than about a dozen clergymen within a mile of this place."

For the first time the chill of deadly fear struck to the heart of May. She turned swiftly on Trask, although her first sentence was directed to Russell:

"What do you mean? GERALD?"

"Keep quiet, I tell you, and let me manage this," Trask said to her. "What do you want, Russell?"

"You must leave immediately. I've been years building up a reputation for this place, and I don't intend risking it for you or any one else."

"You're d—d independent, old man!" Trask flared up. This isn't the only roadhouse on Long Island, you know."

"I guess I can stand the loss of your business. I want you out by noon, understand that. Young lady, for your sake I hope your father gets here before then."

"If you don't get out of this room I'll kick you out," said Trask.

"If you're not out by noon I'll send for the police," was Russell's last remark before he left the room.

By that time May was almost in tears. "Oh, Gerald, why did he talk like that? Why didn't you explain?" she cried.



"You must leave immediately," said Russell.

"This is a nice mess we're in," he said. "Didn't I tell you not to let your father know where we were?"

"But I didn't. I would have if you hadn't told me not to."

The innate brutality of the man came to the surface. With characteristic disregard of others he turned on her.

"Don't lie to me!"

"Gerald!"

"I told you fifty times that I didn't want any one to know. Just what I wanted to avoid has happened."

"But it's not my fault!" May began, and he interrupted her with:

"He'll come down here and make a scene."

The deceived young girl still clung to hope. "Not when he finds out it's all right," she said. "But I wonder how he knew we weren't married yet?"

"Don't waste time now. We've got to clear out before the old man gets here."

"Oh, no, Gerald! Let's—"

"I'm managing this. Get ready!"

CHAPTER XV.
The End of Her Story.

THERE was a loud, insistent knock at the door at which Russell had passed out a few moments before.

"Oh, that must be Mr. Smith!" exclaimed May.

"D—n it!" For a moment Trask stood irresolute. "That's your father, I bet. I don't want to see him. There'll be a devil of a row."

"But Gerald!" May began, and the knock at the door came again, louder than before.

Trask made a quick step to the girl's side. He spoke very rapidly. "Listen to me. I'm going into the other room. I'll wait in there while you talk to the old man. If he asks for me tell him I'm out. Get rid of him as quickly as you can. Do you understand?"

The idea that the person who knocked might be the longed-for clergyman still obsessed May. She replied:

"Yes, but if it's Mr. Smith—"

"Do as I tell you! Do you hear me?" Trask hissed at her, and the next second saw him disappear into the inner room.

And then the person who had knocked, tired of waiting for an invitation to enter, turned the knob and entered without being asked. It was a tall, middle aged man, whose sternly set features bore a strong resemblance to those of May Deane. As he entered the room May ran to him and was clasped in his arms.

"Father!" she exclaimed.

He held her in a close embrace, but he said no word of endearment to her; his voice was terribly calm as he asked:

"Where's Trask?"

"Why did you come, father?"

"Where is he?"

"He's out."

"When is he coming back?"

"Why—not for quite awhile. How did you know we were here, father?"

"Never mind now. Get your things. May, we're going home."

"But, father, Gerald and I are going to be married this morning."

"Get your things, May," he repeated. But this time his features softened and there was commiseration for his deeply beloved child in his voice. He released her from his embrace.

She, on the other hand, tried hard to explain to her father. Her voice and manner were plaintive as she said:

"But, father, you feature going to understand. Gerald and I are going to be married. We're waiting for the clergyman."

Fate willed it that the heaviest blow that ever fell on May Deane, afterward May Strickland, should come from the hands of the man who had loved her from the moment of her

birth. Deane would have given his own life to avert it, but it was his lot to say:

"He can't marry you. He is a married man."

The force of the shock was in no manner lessened by the preliminary warnings that had come to May. She could only gasp:

"Married?"

"His wife telephoned to me this morning. She's been having him watched."

"No, I don't believe it! I don't believe it! Father, don't you understand?"

In her agitation May had exchanged positions with her father, the latter being now well advanced into the room. Her back was toward the door, so that she did not see the young woman, in traveling costume, enter the room.

Now May turned and saw the newcomer.

"Who are you?" May asked. "What do you want?" And to her father:

"Who is she?"

"This is Mrs. Trask," said Deane.

The other woman turned to May with a glance and a gesture of sympathy. "You'd better go home with your father," she said in a low, grave voice.

For a few seconds May stood dazed, looking from one to the other. Then she rushed across the room to the door of the inner chamber, which she flung open.

"Gerald! Gerald!" she cried.

The inner room was unoccupied. May came out and stood at the door, swaying. From outside came the rapid chug-chugging of a swiftly driven motorcar. May rushed to the window, parted the curtains and looked out. Deane went swiftly to her side just in time to catch her as she fainted, with another cry of "Gerald!"

Such was the story told on the witness stand by May Deane, now May Strickland, to save her husband, Robert Strickland, accused of murdering Gerald Trask.

Never was a story more simply told, with less theatricalness, with more genuineness of manner. For the most part, the young woman kept her head

down as she spoke, but from time to time she looked up, and her glance fell upon her husband. When she did so she faltered for just a moment, but she recovered herself and went on firmly. It was evident that she had steeled herself for this time when she should be called upon to tell to the world the story of her past.

But Gerald! May began, and laid herself voluntarily on the altar for her husband. She was to be made the text of sermons delivered from the pulpit and of sermons preached in print. But of all her publicity she was oblivious. In her every word and gesture were to be seen the wish and the determination to help Robert at any cost to herself.

There was intense silence in the courtroom when she finished telling the story of her girlhood's error. The husband who had wedded her, who had cherished her love for years, who had never before heard the terrible tale, who was the father of her dearly beloved little daughter, sat in the prisoner's chair, his eyes fixed on the floor, throughout the greater part of her recital.

It was impossible to tell what were his emotions. But when she carried on her story to the present day those near him could tell by the nervous clenching and unclenching of his hand how deeply moved he was. The right arm still hung in a sling.

She went on with her story:

(To Be Continued.)

Suitable Presents.

To the late buyers who still have a gift problem to solve, we suggest furniture as being the most lasting satisfactory gifts one can give. Nothing else has hundreds of choice pieces that will please the recipient more than anything else. Glance over the following list and see if something here does not "hit the nail on the head" or suggest something that will:

—Music cabinets, desks, buffets, sectional bookcases, smokers' stands, baby carriages, doll carriages, doll beds, card tables, pictures, library tables, leather chairs, Hoosier cabinets, jardiniere stands, piano benches, cedar chests, magazine racks, couches, china cabinets, high chairs, crabs, baby pens, baby walkers, mirrors, rugs, table covers, couch covers, lace curtains, portieres, serving trays, tea-wagons, telephone stands, work baskets, chiffoniers and many novelties. A visit is solicited. Entrance corner, Main and Elm streets.—Adv.

Thirteen hundred birds and animals were received at Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh from its agents in various parts of the world.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

Emperor William will inspect the western firing line.

The Naval Consulting Board, of which Thomas A. Edison is chairman, will meet in New York next Wednesday.

For the first time in many years, a yoke of oxen appeared on the streets of Caldwell, N. Y. The oxen, owned by a dairy farm, were used because the snow prevented the farm's products being shipped by auto.

Captain Bby-Ed, recalled German naval attaché, will not sail from New York for Europe until Dec. 28. Capt. von Papen, recalled military attaché, sails tomorrow.

Eight thousand pounds of rubber found in 109 bags of U. S. parcel post and destined for Sweden, were taken from the steamship Heilig Olav, by the British authorities.

After clinging for more than three hours to the bottom of their upturned power boat, George Hammel and Thomas Patten, were rescued off Atlantic City, N. J., by a fishing smack.

Twenty-two members of the Ford party, who, unable to leave New York on the Oscar II. on Dec. 8, sailed on the Frederic VIII, were detained at Kirkwall by the naval authorities.

A posse of 100 men set out from Little Falls, N. J., to capture Antonio Federici, an outlaw, who shot and killed two policemen and wounded two others who attempted to arrest him.

An employees' welfare association will be established by the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to provide free medical service for its 30,000 employees. The association will cost the company \$50,000 annually.

Detected in an attempt to blow open the safe of the post office at North Washington, a suburb of Philadelphia, four yegmen escaped in an automobile, after a revolver battle with the police.

Placed in a cell at Laurel, Del., where another man had died a few days previous, Hooper Lade, a young negro accused of forgery, nearly died when he went into spasms of fright, and had to be removed.

CHEERFUL WOMEN

Despondency is a thing of evil origin and evil results. Worry produces nothing but wrinkles and wretchedness. Let the reader put up a little note on her bureau, on her desk, and at the head of her bed, just two words, don't worry. Worry is the greatest foe to the happiness of any household. An anxious, despondent face, a fretful, complaining voice, will make every one uncomfortable.

A woman's nerves are more truly the cause of worry than outdoor troubles. The nerves are of a woman's body the telegraph system, which surely warns her of any trouble in the feminine make-up.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice, found that a prescription made with glycerine, entirely of roots and herbs, without the use of alcohol, cured over ninety per cent. of such cases. After using this remedy for many years in his private practice he put it up in a form that would make it easily procurable.

Women are earnestly advised to take it for irregular or painful periods, headache, dizziness, displacement, catarrhal condition, hot flashes, sallow complexion and nervousness.

For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers, and for the changing days of middle age, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand. In liquid or tablet form.

Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free 136 page book on woman's diseases. Every woman should have one. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, cloth-bound, sent free to you on receipt of 3 dimes (or stamps) to pay the expense of mailing. Only Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you are troubled with Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Bilious Headaches, and a hundred and one ills which depend upon an inactive liver, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.—Adv.

Genuine Piano Bargains

Not the usual wildfire offerings, no seductively worded ads. but just plain

Values

possible because of our small selling expense, no large store, and forsooth, age, and over twenty-five years' experience in pianos, is THE WHY WE CAN DO IT.

Hardman Harrington Hensel Cote Corl Prescott Bradley Autotone Playotone.

Pianos & Players

S. E. Lee Piano Co.

84 CANNON ST., OPP. POST OFFICE, Near Broad.

THE COURTLAND SCHOOL

431 WASHINGTON AVE.

MISS MARY J. MINER, Principal

Twenty-fifth year begins Thursday, Sept. 30. Booklets at the stationery shops. Office hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m. Mondays and Saturdays excepted. Others hours by appointment.

L. 24 12

NOTICE

Pursuant to the by-laws of the Company, notice is hereby given that the books of The Lake Torpedo Boat Company of Maine, for the transfer of stock, will be closed from December 21st, 1915, to December 31st, 1915. Bridgeport, Conn., December 16, 1915. C. E. Adams, Assistant Treasurer. T17 s*

MEN WANTED AT ONCE

Exceptional Opportunity for SKILLED MEN Machine Tool Builders Lathe Hands Milling Machine Hands Jig & Fixture Makers, &c.

Bullard

Broad St. and Railroad Av.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OPEN 8 A.M. to 12 Noon; 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.

WANTED GIRLS

FOR LIGHT, PLEASANT WORK

Warner Bros. Co.

APPLY EMPLOYMENT OFFICE L33 *11

WANTED

MILLING, PLANER, LATHE AND BENCH HANDS.

Good wages and steady employment to competent men. Eight hour day. Open shop. References required.

Max Ams Machine Co.

SCOTFIELD AV., Bridgeport, Ct.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headache, dizziness, nervousness, and all the ills which depend upon an inactive liver, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.—Adv.

Engraved CARDS AT SOUTH WORTH'S 10 ARCADE

ANNOUNCEMENT DR. CHARLES M. PENNY Dentist

is now located at his new dental office, Rooms 506, 507 Security Building, 1115 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn. Phone 2479-2.

1915

You will be doing a great good by pasting Red Cross Stamps on all of your Christmas mail and packages.

T11 s*

The City National Bank

Savings Department Pays 4 Per Cent. Interest

Saving Now 107 WALL STREET

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL BANK OF BRIDGEPORT

Cor. Main and Wall Streets

Kelly's Cigar Store

141 FAIRFIELD AVE.

The best cigars made in imported and domestic brands. Complete line of smokers' supplies.

JAMES H. KELLY

CERTILAX

The Certain Laxative

A harmless and sure remedy for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Headache, Biliousness, and Foul Breath. Made from the formulae of a celebrated specialist of New York City. Do the work pleasantly—no griping. 10c, 25c, 50c. At all drug stores or direct on receipt of price. Curtis Chemical Co., 117 E. 24th St., New York.

The largest single shipment of platinum ever arriving in this country was received by the du Pont Powder Co. of Wilmington, Del. The shipment is valued at \$400,000.

FINANCIAL

3 Per Cent. INTEREST

Your Checking Account

We think this will appeal to you particularly in view of our experience of nearly fifty years in banking. We can assure you of safety, satisfactory conduct of your business, and courteous treatment.

Interest credited to accounts monthly. We would like to tell you about our methods. Call us on the phone or come in and see us.

T. L. WATSON & CO.

BANKERS

COR. MAIN AND JOHN STREETS

Established 1866

Interest Payable December 20th

The usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on all deposits entitled thereto has been declared by the Board of Trustees of this Bank for the six months ending December 31st, 1915, but for the convenience of customers and depositors, the Treasurer is authorized and instructed to pay to depositors said dividend or any portion or the whole of the deposit, if they so desire, on and after December 20th without loss of interest.

City Savings Bank

NORTH-EAST CORNER OF MAIN & BANK STREETS

OPEN MONDAY EVENINGS, 6 to 8 o'clock

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish our depositors and friends

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS—and thank them for their liberal patronage during the year that is now nearing a close.

Accounts subject to check are cordially invited.

JAMES STAPLES & CO.,

189 State Street

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

T. B. WARREN

Real Estate and Insurance

FINE LOTS FOR SALE

29 SANFORD BUILDING

Telephone 925

SPECIAL

ALL EXPENSE TOURS TO VIRGINIA

—FOUR DAYS—

\$19.00

Tour includes 888 miles of travel by steamer, berth, meals and hotel accommodation.